INTO THE SILENT LAND.

Into the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, O thither into the silent land?

Into the silent land!
To you, ye boundless regions of all perfection!
Tender morning visions of beauteous souls!
Who in life's battle firm do stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land!

THREE AT ONCE.

I.

"Hattie! I have accepted three of them."

"Three what? What do you mean?"

"Why three lovers, of course—three proposals."

"What! All at once?" exclaimed Hattie, her eyes full of consternation.

"To be sure, I have," answered Lucy, her bright face beaming with merriment. "Why not three as well as one? It will come all to the same thing in the end."

"But, Lucy, dear, isn't it a shame to go so far?"

"Not a bit. Not one of them cares a pin for me. Didn't I tell you they would all rush at me like flies at treacle as soon as they heard I was rich. Well, there's Major Bowring. He was the first. Oh, dear! I laugh whenever I think of it. I laughed for a quarter of an hour after he left me. Then came the Hon. Francis Newlands, and after him Mr. Sandman, the cheese factor. So I simply took them all, one after the other."

"But aren't you afraid? Won't there be complications, and—oh, Lucy! you dreadful girl, what would you do if two of them were to meet you at once?"

"I'll manage it all right," said Lucy, carelessly, as she flung off her hat—the prettiest little Parisian hat in the world—and sat on the sofa at her cousin's feet.

"The only one I can't bring down," she went on, "is Godfrey Cunningham. At one time I thought he was going to be one of my lovers, but for the last fortnight he has deserted me. He has always been with you. Why are you blushing, Hattie? Do you think that he cares for you?" she asked eagerly, as she looked into her little cousin's pale face, over which a faint rose blush was stealing. "You looked so pleased just now. Tell me, Hattie, is it true?"

Hattie turned half round and gazed over the blue sunlit Frith, while the blush deepened on her delicate white face. She did not speak.

"You needn't say a word, Hattie; I know. And if it does come, I wish you joy, darling; for he's the only one of them all that's worth a straw."

"I suppose auntie will want us to go up to Glasgow with her to-morrow?" said Hattie after a pause.

"Yes," said Lucy; "I told all my lovers I should be away the whole of to-morrow, but I've given them appointments for Thursday; the Major on the beach at half-past 10; the fine gentleman in the lane that runs up the hill at half-past 11, and the cheeseman on the beach at half-past 12. I'll take him on the way home to lunch. I had no idea it would be such good fun. I'm going to run down to the postoffice. Good-by, little one."

Left to herself, Harriet Graham allowed her book to fall into her lap, and sat idly gazing out of the window at the scene before her. There lay the Frith of Clyde, shining clear blue in the summer sun, dotted with white sails. Near at hand were the trim lawn, the white road skirting the sea, and then the whiter beach. Except the twitter of birds the only sound in the air was the continual murmur from the sea. For the Clyde is unlike an English watering-place as a Highland clachan is unlike a manufacturing town. The substantial Glaswegian builds his "house at the salt water," or takes one furnished, and inhabits it from June to September in peace and quietness. There are thousands of those houses, great and small, "each in its nook of leaves," along the long winding shores of the Frith and the lochs.

Mrs. Mackenzie, a distant connection of the girls, had taken one of these houses, called "Bracken Brae," near a village called Drumsynie. and the two cousins, both orphans, were her guests.

While Harriet was still gazing over the blue water, Godfrey Cunningham was slowly proceeding along the dusty road on his way to Bracken Brae. Godfrey was now the sole representative of one of the oldest and poorest families in the southwest of Scotland. Godfrey held a commission in a cavalry regiment, but he was continually debating with himself whether or not he was too old to change his trade and "go into business."

Like several others, the Lieutenant had come to Drumsynie, attracted by the report of Lucy Graham's wealth. The money had come from an uncle of her father's, and people said that the sum reached six figures. And Lucy Graham was a nice girl; there was as little doubt about that—tall, rather handsome, bright, good-natured, and fond of fun. But Godfrey could not keep his eyes off the the little pale maiden who lived with Lucy as friend and companion, under the shadow of her cousin's wealth. Her gentle nature and sweet, expressive face had fairly won the young soldier's heart, and now he was seeking her with the intention of telling her that fact. For the moment, poverty and care were forgotten.

Godfrey found the girl he loved sitting in the garden, hidden by a great hedge of fuchsias. For a while he was very silent; he could not "lead up" to the subject by any avenue he could think of, and so at last, apropos of nothing, he burst out with:

"Do you think poverty is a very dreadful thing, Miss Graham?"

"It is sometimes hard to be poor," answered the girl, absently.

"It is a hard and poor life I have to offer you; but if you thbught you could share it with me—Hattie! I love you. Will you marry me, Hattie?"

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Cunningham?" asked the girl, as she turned her large brown eyes full upon his, and tried to keep her lips from quivering.

"I am, indeed," he replied, as he met her gaze.

"I thought—at one time—it was my cousin you—you seemed to care for."

Godfrey's dark face flushed as he answered: "It is true that I sought your cousin's acquaintance; and it is true that I thought of doing so on account of her wealth. It would have saved—that is—but never mind."

"But tell me about what it would have saved; I want to know," broke in Hattie. So the story of the fallen house was told.

"And I did like Miss Lucy," went on Godfrey, "but how could I see you and not love you? You won't deny me, Hattie, my own?"

In another hour Lieutenant Cunningham left Bracken Brae with a light in his eyes as if he had won an Empire.

II.

By an immemorial custom, young ladies who have been brave enough to bathe in the sea before breakfast have the right of sitting on the beach all forenoon with their hair spread all over their backs like an enormous fan—to dry it of course! Lucy Graham was enjoying the benefit of this custom, along with a novel, at half-past 10 on Thursday morning, when Major Bowring's stiff figure and purple face made their appearance. The Major made his way to his mistress's side with lover-like haste.

"My dear Miss Graham!—or Lucy, I may surely say now—how really charming you look this morning! I'm not flattering you now, really, 'pon my honor. I never saw you look half so well."

The gallant officer's further intentions were frustrated by an unaccountable shyness on Miss Lucy's part, and the appearance of a couple of giggling girls from behind the rocks. Lucy and her Major chatted on for a few minutes, and then she said: "By the way, Major Bowring——"

"Won't you call me Tom, Lucy?" interrupted the lover, with quite an arch look in his little pig-like eyes.

The girl only smiled in answer to this tender appeal, and went on: "I heard such a stupid, disagreeable report in Glasgow yesterday. It was most annoying. People have been saying that I am very rich—quite an heiress, in fact. I wonder who could have started such an absurd rumor."

The Major stared at the girl, as if she had mesmerized him. "But you are rich! Your granduncle left you a hundred thousand pounds; I know it for a fact!"

"Oh, dear me, no!" cried Lucy, laughing heartily; "what and absurd idea!"

"Miss Lucy Graham," said the warrior, solemnly, "do you assure me that this is true!" and as he spoke he glanced at the dainty morning costume of the young lady beside him.

"Of course I do. What put that absurd nonsense into your head? But, dear Major Bowring, dear—Tom—that doesn't make any difference between you and me, does it?"

"But indeed it does, Miss Graham," returned the officer, excitedly "'Pon my honor, I don't know what to say. It's deuced awkward. I—I in fact—it never would do—never. I've nothing but my pay, you see; and——"

Here Miss Lucy's handkerchief went up to her eyes, and the gallant Major could hear the words, "heartless—a poor girl—who trusted—deserted like this—the very next day —" and also something very like a sob.

"Go away! you heartless, cruel, bad man!" came from behind the delicate little handkerchief.

The Major rose with a sense of relief, and after a dozen steps glanced back. Miss Graham was peeping from behind her handkerchief—and she was laughing! He gasped; his face grew to a deeper red; he struck his stick on the ground—and left Drumsynie by the next steamer.

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In half an hour more, Lucy was walking through a romantic dell beside the Hon. Francis Newlands. He was a youngish man, carefully dressed in summer tweeds. An eyeglass was the most noticeable thing about his face.

"Yes, we shall be so happy," the girl was saying in a low, murmurous voice, "and I am only sorry for your sake that I have no fortune."

"That's a good joke, my dear Lucy, upon my word."

Lucy opened her blue eyes innocently.

"It's no joke at all, I assure you. Did you imagine I was an heiress! If you did you imagined a vain thing, most certainly."

"Why, Lucy, it is well known that you are an heiress. Everybody knows it."

"Everybody knows more than I do, then, I am sorry to say."

The Hon. Francis Newlands looked abstractedly at his watch, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, you see, my dear Miss Graham, you always knew I had no money. We can't marry without it. I don't want to tie you down to a long engagement."

"Oh, if you really love me, I don't mind waiting any length of time!" exclaimed this perverse young lady; and her lover trembled lest, after all, the way of escape should be closed.

"I could not accept such a sacrifice—indeed I could not," he replied earnestly.

"Then I understand. You loved me warmly not very long ago. The fuel being gone, the fire dies out—naturally. Mr. Newlands, I have heard of girls marrying for a home—for money. It is bad enough in a girl, but in a man—. I wish you good day."

The Honorable Francis bowed and retired without a word. Lucy laughed as his well dressed figure disappeared among the trees; but the laugh was rather a bitter one.

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In half an hour afterward this naughty girl was back on her old seat on the beach, and Mr. John Sandeman presently appeared. Mr. Sandeman was a wealthy cheese-merchant, about forty-five years of age—a big man, with a florid complexion and red whiskers tinged with gray meeting under his chin. As he came up to her, Lucy could see that he was troubled in his mind.

"Miss Graham," he began, rather abruply, "I have just heard the strangest rumor about you—that it's all a mistake—about your money, I mean. I don't understand it, for——." The worthy cheese merchant stopped. He could hardly tell the girl that he had instituted careful inquiries about the deceased Peter Graham. "Is it true?" he asked.

"If you mean, is it true that I am not wealthy, certainly it is true," answered Lucy with flashing eyes.

Mr. Sandeman sat gazing over the sea, one hand spread out on each of his knees, reflecting many things in his swift mind. Willingly would he break off the match; but how? Visions of an indignant damsel, a jury of his fellow countrymen, a terrific cross-examining counsel, a soul harrowing check, and the undying witticisms of his friends, chased one another across his brain. No; it could not be risked. Beside, the girl before him was young, bonny, and a lady. The loss of the money was a sad dispensation of Providence, but it could not be helped.

Therefore Mr. John Sandeman heaved an elephantine sigh, and turned to his fiancee with a smile on his face.

Lucy was thunderstruck. The man was going to hold her to her word! She had never contemplated such a catastrophe. "Oh, this is awful!" she said to herself, as her betrothed slipped his hand into hers, as a matter of course. She gently drew her hand away. "The sooner the better," she whispered to herself; then aloud, but in a very subdued tone:

"Mr. Sandeman, I fear I have been very much to blame, and I hope you will forgive me. The truth is, I was only in jest when I accepted your offer the other day. It was very wrong. I—you must forgive me. I am very sorry."

Mr. John Sandeman rose, and held out his hand magnanimously. He had found his tongue.

"Miss Graham," he said, "I forgive your little jest freely. It was only a joke on both sides, wasn't it? We never meant to be serious. But I hope we shall always be friends—the best of friends, Miss Graham."

And Mr. Sandeman performed a wonderful bow which proclaimed "Finis," and, with satisfaction visible on his countenance, departed.

* * * * *

"So even he was glad to be rid of me," she thought.

Poor Lucy! her feelings were very bitter just at that moment. The blow she had struck so effectively at her mercenary lovers had proved that they were worthless; but she had also discovered how little the world thought of her. She felt mortified.

She was, to tell the truth, very nearly crying, when she caught sight of the jolly, sun-burnt face of Tom Denniston, second mate of the Strathspey, whom she had known from her childhood. He was coming quickly near her. "Oh, Tom, I'm so glad to see you!"

"Are you Lucy?" returned Tom, as his face brightened up, and he sat down beside her. He thought Lucy Graham had never looked so handsome. There was a touch of feeling, too, in her eyes he had never seen before. "Are you really glad to see me, Lucy?"

"Of course I am, you stupid fellow."

"Lucy, do you know what I heard just now?—that it is all a mistake about your granduncle, or whoever it was, leaving you that mountain of money—that, in fact, you are not rich at all. Is it true?"

Lucy nodded, without looking up.

"Oh, Lucy!" cried Tom, his honest eyes all in a blaze, "then there's a chance for me. I couldn't speak when I thought you were so wealthy. It would have looked mean. But I have loved you all my whole life, Lucy!" Here the sailor dropped on his knee that he might look up into the girl's eyes and read his fate there. She just glanced up at him, and her eyes fell before his—a thing they had never done before.

III.

"Yes, Hattie, that will be best," Godfrey Cunningham was saying to his sweetheart as they sat together on the rocks, with the waves lapping at their feet. "The castle and shooting will let for three hundred a year; I will leave the army at once, and take this offer of Grigg's. A hundred is all I can expect at first. I may wait a long time without getting a better start. The worst of it is my mother having to leave the old place."

"But I don't think she need leave it, Godfrey," replied Hattie, as she blushed, and rested her forehead on her lover's shoulder. "You know our Uncle Peter left a great deal of money."

"Yes, to Lucy; because she was his favorite nephew's child."

"No; my father was the favorite. Lucy would not take more than ten thousand pounds. It was all I could do to make her take that. Really I feel quite ashamed to be so rich." Hattie then continued:

"Are you displeased that I did not tell you sooner, Godfrey? It was so delicious to feel that you cared for me for myself alone, and to look forward to telling you."

"I can hardly take it in yet, dearest. Why did you and Lucy change places?"

"It was only the wild girl's prank. She wanted to see how people would behave to her when they had thought she was wealthy and found it was a mistake. She always was a madcap, but she is the very best girl in the whole world. And now, don't you love me ever so much more?"

"No, you little tease; you know that is impossible."

In Rome the number of cremations has increased from 119 in 1886, and 155 in 1887 to 202 in 1888.

The population of Brooklyn is set down at 900,000, Chicago 1,100,000, Philadelphia at 1,250,000.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Maybe You've Noticed—Reason for It—A Family Trait—The Way He Likes Them, Etc, Etc.

I caught a string of beauties
Up on the North Fork to-day,
The finest trout that were e'er pulled out—
But the biggest one got away!

And down in the mill-pond meadow,
The boys that were making hay,
With forks and rakes killed three thousand snakes—
But the biggest one got away!

And so I have heard of liars
Since Ananias's day;
There are just a few that receive their dues—
But the biggest one got away!
—*Puck.*

REASON FOR IT.

Bjones—"That young fellow seems rather pessimistic."

Merritt—"Yes. He's an amateur photographer, and always takes a poor view of life."—*Bazar.*

A FAMILY TRAIT.

Baby Sister—"Mr. Smith, don't you think I look like my big sister, Alice?"

Sister Alice (in the presence of her beau)—"There, baby dear, you must not be so vain."—*Omaha World-Herald.*

THE WAY HE LIKES THEM.

Miss Ann Teek—"Do you like parrots, Mr. Sumway?"

Mr. Sumway—"Yes, indeed; I like them the way the Mexicans like them."

"How is that."

"Cooked."—*Bazar.*

GROUNDS FOR DOUBT.

Prospective Tourist—"I'm going West because I have reason to believe that it's a great place to settle in."

Returned Tourist—"I'm not so sure of that. I lived there ten years myself, and never paid a bill while I was there."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A LIVING EXAMPLE.

Brown—"I thought I told you to save every cent you got so you would have something in your old age. And here I see you have broken open your bank."

Little Johnnie—"Well, Dad, I met an old beggar to-day, and he told me that he used to save every cent he got when he was young."—*Epoch.*

A PERAMBULATING ENCYCLOPEDIA.

"This encyclopedia recommends itself. It consists of twenty-four volumes and——"

"I don't want it, stranger. D'ye see that ar boy in the tater patch? Well, if you've got anythin' in them ar books that he doesn't know, I'm mighty cur'us to know what it is."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HAD BEEN THERE.

Old Grumps (in bed, nearly midnight)—"Ooo! I hear stealthy steps on the stairs—some one creeping along barefooted!"

His Wife (who was young once)—"Keep quiet, Joshua. I guess that's only our darter going up with her shoes under her arm."—*New York Weekly.*

A MITIGATED RETRACTION.

First Doctor—"You have been spreading the report that I have poisoned several people in this town. I want you to take it back."

Second Doctor—"Certainly, I don't hesitate to say that there are several people in this town whom you have not yet poisoned. Hope you are satisfied now."—*New York News.*

AVOIDING A SHOCK.

"Come, Slowpay," said one of his creditors appealingly, "why don't you pay me that little bill you have owed me for the last five years."

"Simply out of consideration for you, my dear fellow," said Slowpay. "Your family physician told me years ago that you were subject to heart disease."—*Somerville Journal.*

GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

"Such a pity it isn't a girl!" said the elderly and rich maiden aunt as she looked regretfully at the infant. "I have no namesake in your family, you know."

"Aunt Minerva," exclaimed the poor relation, eagerly, "we will give the boy your name with a masculine termination and call him Minervous."—*Chicago Tribune.*

FOR THE SELECT FEW.

Old Contributor (to young literary aspirant)—"So you have taken to authorship?"

L. A—"Yes, and no writer ever had a more charmingly select circle of readers."

O. C—"Ah! and how is it that I never see your productions in the periodicals?"

L. A—"Well, you see, only the editors of the periodicals read my stories."—*Epoch.*

BETTER THAN A SAFETY VAULT.

Highwayman (halting lady in carriage)—"Stop madam! your money or your life."

Lady—"My money is in my pocket, sir, and as neither you nor I can find it inside of ten minntes, and there is a large party of brethren tourists coming up the hill, I would advise you to let me pass."

Highwayman—"Thanks, madam, your advice is worth heeding. Good day."—*Burlington Free Press.*

WANTED TO MONOPOLIZE ONE ARM.

Sweet Girl (in a rowboat)—"What is this place in the boat for?"

Nice Young Man—"That is to put an oar in when you want to scull the boat. Rowing requires both oars, one on each side; but in sculling one oar only is used. That is placed at the back and worked with one hand."

Sweet Girl (after meditation)—"I wish you would try sculling a while."—*New York Weekly.*

THE INQUIRIES HAD A PURPOSE.

"Johnny," said the farmer to a lad who had arrived with the summer boarders, and who was watching him turn the grindstone, "kin ye read?"

"Yes, sir."

"And write?"

"Yes, sir."

"And spell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, spose ye jest spell me a little while at this grin' stone till I go and feed the cows."—*Merchant Traveler.*

AN UNIMPORTANT PERSONGE.

Pedestrian—"What's all that fuss about in that house—wedding?"

Resident—"No. A new baby arrived last night, and all the women in the neighborhood are going into ecstasies over it."

"Who is that tall man all the women are crowding around?"

"He is a minister, come to fix a date for the christening."

"And who is the short man who attracts so much attention?"

"He is the doctor."

"Ah! I see. That no-account fellow who is being pushed out of the way is the hired man, I presume."

"No; he's the father."—*New York Weekly.*

FRANK, BUT INJUDICIOUS.

It was in inte-war times; Androscoggin County was young and Auburn was a scene of unusual bustle as it was court week. The presiding justice stopped at one of the famous old hotels. At the same house boarded one of the oldest members of the bar, who for ready wit had no rival. The fire blazed brightly in the old fireplace of the hotel office. Judge ——, standing before the fire was chatting with the gentleman, when some allusion was made to the personnel of the Maine court. Our joker, it is suspected, had conceived a poor opinion of the ability of the justice, and was longing for a chance to "light out" on him.

"Yes," said the Judge, in reply to an observation of the party, "I suppose I am the tallest Judge on the bench."

"And about the slimmest one, too, I reckon!" instantly responded His Impudence, to the surprise and amusement of the listeners.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

DIDN'T CATCH HIS MEANING.

A man was sitting on the third seat in a Buffalo street car the other day when a short, fat man climbed aboard and at once began fanning himself with his hat. "Well, this is a hot day, ain't it?" said he, addressing his neighbor.

"Beg pardon?" said the first man.

"I say, it's a pretty hot day!" repeated the short, fat man, raising his voice.

The other put his hand to his ear and answered: "I didn't quite catch that; please repeat it."

The little man's ears grew red as he shouted: "It's a hot day, I tell you!" and people in the back seats began to titter.

"I'm a little deaf," responded the first man. "If you will raise your voice."

"Confound it, sir!" howled the little man, perspiring like a sponge. "I say it's hot! hot, I tell you! hot day! D'you hear that?"

The other shook his head, and the little man, casting a look of wrath on him, alighted. Then the first man looked around on the passengers and chuckled gleefully.

Fishing With a Rifle.

Surf shooting, says *Forest and Stream*, is practiced in Oregon and Washington Territory, but chiefly in the vicinity of and to the north of Gray's Harbor. Formerly all the shooting was done from the beach, or from the bluffs, but as the otter became scarcer, increasingly wary, and so more difficult to obtain, other methods had to be adopted.

The sea otter shooters of this coast devised the plan of building scaffolds in the water out beyond the surf from which to shoot. At the lowest tides in the spring they plant firmly in the sand three or four long poles so that they shall form the angles of a triangle or of a square. These are braced by means of slats nailed from one to the other, which also form a ladder by which to ascend, and at the top of the poles a platform is built with sides and a roof, forming a sufficiently comfortable house, forty feet above the water's surface. These shooting scaffolds, or, as they are called locally, "derricks," give the otter shooter great advantage. In distance he gains 400 to 500 feet, while the elevation above the water greatly extends both his range of view and that of his rifle. In fair weather the shooter goes to his "derrick" before daylight in the morning and returns at night to the shore, but sometimes, when the tide is high and a heavy surf is rolling, it may be impossible for him to get to it for a week at a time, or he may be unable to reach the beach for the same period.

The skill attained by these men in rifle shooting is something almost beyond belief. It will be readily understood that the head of the sea otter—the only part that is seen above the water—is a very small mark, certainly not more than three or four inches in diameter, and yet it is said these shooters not unfrequently kill at a distance of 1000 yards. Most of their shots are made at 200 yards and over. They use heavy Sharp's rifles, fitted with telescopic sights, and shoot always from a rest.

When the sea otter is killed it sinks at once, and it may be several days or a week before it rises to the surface and is brought by wind and current into shore. The hunters employ Indians to patrol the beach and secure the dead animals, and in occasional instances where the otter does not sink dogs are employed to bring it to land. Owing to its exclusively marine habits and its great wariness, we may assume that it will be many years before the last sea otter shall have been killed, but it must always be a very rare animal.

The entire orange crop of the State of Sonora, Mexico, has been bought by California parties.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Paris has a female wrestler.

Foulard silks are in demand.

Lace wraps are very fashionable.

Ecru tints of Chinese pongee are in favor.

For whitewash goods the yoke bodice is the favorite.

White dresses being in favor there are many white parasols.

The Empress Frederick's income is about $350,000 a year.

Three and a half inches is the fashionable height of a heel now.

In most cases parasols match the prevailing tint of the toilets.

The first woman pharmacist has made her appearance in Norway.

The belle of the royal family is said to be Princess Victoria of Teck.

For morning and afternoon toilets pompadour foulards are in vogue.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackay is fond of gray walking dresses and always wears a mantle.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spoffard is a strong advocate of daily exercise for girls.

Among other fashionable shades of yellow, maize, or corn-color, has been revived.

The tan-colored shoe is the feature of this season's foot wear for both men and women.

Mrs. George W. Childs is considered one of the best dressed women in Philadelphia.

Miss Alia M. Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is much interested in amateur photography.

Mme. Meiba, the Australian prima donna, began to sing in public when she was only sixteen.

The typewriting business nets from $2500 to $5000 to many a young woman in New York city.

The West End damsels of London have four cricket clubs among them, with three others forming.

Accordion-plaited skirts are in high favor in Paris, so their lease of life is likely to be extended.

Dotted white mull, Swiss, and veiling gowns are in vogue along with striped and barred white dresses.

Crepe de chine is the prettiest fabric in use that can be worn on dress occasions during the period of mourning.

Patti, the famous opera singer, personally superintends all the details of housekeeping in her Welsh castle.

The prettiest white dresses of the season are made of China silk and silk mull, the mull being used for the sleeves.

The French style of mourning is more generally adopted in this country than the English, because it is less heavy.

To cover a parasol twenty inches deep it requires two and one-quarter yards of material that is twenty inches wide.

A woman in Lafayette County, Mo., has an apiary of 195 hives. She expects to make 10,000 pounds of honey this year.

The women of Boston have named a committee of fifty to carry out the plans for taking the city schools out of politics.

English ladies fond of horseback riding often arrive at Hyde Park, London, at eleven o'clock and do not leave until half-past one.

Straw braids and stripes, composed of braided rushes or straw embroidery on an open ground give pretty trimmings for hats and bonnets.

A guild of the King's Daughters has been formed in England. The order is patterned after the one in this country and has proved a success.

Thirty years ago the Empress of Russia, the Princess of Wales and the Dutchess of Cumberland had to get along with $3 a month each pin money.

The white and cream silk warp materials are more dainty and endurable than ever. They are particularly desirable for seaside and watering place use.

Women are said in England to seek death according to the following order: Hanging, abstinence, precipitation, drowning, cutting, poison.

Queen Victoria is to peronally superintend a great agricultural show in Windsor Park, and the visitors will be enabled to walk by twenty miles of pigs.

The first woman postmaster appointed in the United States was the wife of Colonel Andrew Balfour. Her commission was signed by President Washington.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the novelist, is reported to have remarked recently that if she had known the penalties of fame she would never have written a line.

The new small capotes are very flat and fit the top of the head closely. Some are mere puffs of tulle or of lace, with a flower in front and very narrow strings.

The new industrial home for women who have renounced polygamy has been opened at Salt Lake City, Utah. Its support is provided for by the United States Government.

The revived bereges come with interwoven and printed borders on plain colored grounds of delicate intermediate shades, blue, rose, gray, beige, green, bronze, purple, yellow and cream.

A Bombay (India) newspaper announces two marriages, in one case the bride being aged two years and in the other fifteen months, while the bridegroom was thirty. This is the system which Pundita Ramabai is struggling against.

Chicago women are looking after the working girls of that city. They have a home for self-supporting women, which has been patronized all the year by 250 women, and the Illinois Women's Press Association gives them free popular weekly entertainments.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, is young, beautiful, fairly educated and gifted. The most fashionable parlors in New York leave open their doors to her, and the society women of the metropolis have hailed her with delight as a new sensation.